

THE SILENT WORLD

Vol. IV.

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 15, 1874.

No. 8.

MAXIMUS.

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fall, has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is Diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God, may be
A greater conqueror in His sight,

—Adelaide Proctor.

AMOS KENDALL.

XVI.

RETIREMENT FROM THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

In May, 1840, after being head of the Post-office Department almost exactly five years, failing health compelled Mr. Kendall to give up his post and retire to private life. He had, for some months, foreseen that his health would not permit him to continue in office, but he was very anxious to consummate certain changes which he had planned and which, he believed, would be very beneficial to the Department. He, therefore, kept on with his duties until greatly enfeebled by frequent attacks of sickness, and, finally, had to give up before the changes, which he so much desired, were fully carried out. Probably no man ever laid down his honors with a prouder consciousness of having done his duty faithfully and fearlessly, unmoved by threats or calumny, and undeterred from what he conceived to be the line of strict honesty by the favor of friends or the fear of enemies. *The American Cyclopaedia* says of him: "While Postmaster-General, he, in one year, succeeded in reorganizing the financial system of the Department, and in freeing it from the debt with which it had been embarrassed. In 1836, he procured from Congress, a reorganization of the Department, on a plan suggested by himself, which has undergone no essential alteration since."

After a few months' rest which greatly recruited his health, Mr. Kendall began, in 1841, the publication of a small bi-weekly paper, called "*Kendall's Expositor*." In 1842, he went out to live on the estate known as Kendall Green, which he had purchased a year before, and which is now the property of the Columbia Institution for Deaf and Dumb, and divided his time between farming and editing. In 1843, finding his income from his farm and paper insufficient, he entered into partnership with his nephew in a general agency for the prosecution of claims against the Government, pro-

curing patents, settlement of accounts, purchase and sale of real property, &c. This business was always irksome and disagreeable to him, and necessity alone reconciled him to it. In 1844, *The Expositor* was discontinued, and he devoted more time to the business of prosecuting claims, &c. He was compelled to do this by the insufficiency of his income for the support of his family.

CONNECTION WITH THE TELEGRAPH.

While Mr. Kendall was employed in the prosecution of claims, he fell in with Professor Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, who was endeavoring, with little prospect of success, to get an appropriation from Congress to extend a line of his telegraph from Baltimore to New York; it being already in operation between Washington and Baltimore. Finding the Professor much discouraged, he inquired whether he had no project to render his telegraph profitable as a private enterprise, if he should fail in obtaining further aid from the Government. When there was no hope of an appropriation, Professor Morse asked him for a proposition to take charge of his telegraph business. The result was, in March 1845, a contract between the proprietors of three-fourths of Morse's patents and Mr. Kendall, by which the latter was to receive a commission of ten per cent. on the first hundred thousand dollars which might be realized from the sale of their interest, and fifty per cent. on all sums which might be thus realized over one hundred thousand dollars. The agreement vested Mr. Kendall with full power to manage and dispose of Morse's interest in his patent-right, according to his discretion.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of his administration of these important interests. He was frequently called from home, involved, as agent, in numerous law-suits, and his best executive ability was called into requisition in the formation and administration of new telegraph companies. His connection with the business terminated in 1860, when he could contemplate, as the direct result of his administration, Professor Morse established in a condition of pecuniary independence, the other owners of the patent profited in proportion, and an ample fortune secured to himself and family.

The acquaintance formed with Professor Morse, soon ripened into warm friendship, which knew no abatement or interruption, and for twenty-five years no jealousy, no distrust, and no feeling tending to impair the implicit confidence of each in the other's integrity, ever occurred.

ORIGIN OF THE COLUMBIA INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND DUMB.

An adventurer, intending, doubtless, to make money by it, brought to Washington, about the year 1854, five partially educated deaf-mute children, whom he had assembled in the State of New York, and used them as a means of raising money to start an institution. He soon had a school of about sixteen pupils. Before the school had been in operation long, it was reported that the children were maltreated by this man. The matter was investigated in court, and the end was, that the children were taken from him; those who were from abroad were returned to their parents, and the others were placed in charge of Mr. Kendall, who had become greatly interested in the matter. He provided a house and two acres of land, on his estate at Kendall Green, and the Columbia Institution was then and there organized.

To the day of his death, Mr. Kendall did not cease to feel a deep interest in the success of this Institution, which he often visited. He loved to take the children by the hand, and, on such occasions, was always much affected, often manifesting his emotion by quivering lip and falling tear.

In the Summer of 1864, the directors of the Columbia Institution organized a new department in their Institution, calling it, the "National Deaf-mute College." Thus Mr. Kendall was the founder of the only deaf-mute college in the world, and had he done nothing else in his whole life, this would be enough to cause his name to be remembered and revered by all deaf persons.

THE CIVIL WAR.

Though Mr. Kendall had retired from all active participation in politics, he never lost his interest in the passing events of the day, and he was among the first to perceive the war cloud which was slowly and surely setting down over the country in 1859-61. His health was feeble, and he was heavily burdened with the business of the telegraph, yet he once more gave the use of his pen to his country, and endeavored to avert the coming storm, by writing a series of letters and articles on secession and kindred subjects, which were the all-absorbing topics of the time. These articles were given great prominence, and were discussed all over the country. We all know how events followed each other in rapid succession, and how it all ended. Mr. Kendall kept up hope to the last. In April 1861, after the fall of Fort Sumter, he wrote: "I am not without hope that the present breach may be healed without much bloodshed; but it can only be done by decisive measures, and presenting to the rebels an imposing front." Two days after writing thus, he wrote to the Secretary of War, offering the use of part of his estate to the Government for quarters for the troops destined for the defence of Washington. He also said that, if necessary, he would gladly give up his own residence for the uses of the Government. In the Autumn of 1861, he went, with his family, to Trenton, N. J., where he resided for a year. His estate, Kendall Green, had become little else than a vast military camp, and it was in search of retirement that this change was made. He continued to use his pen in support of the cause of the Union through the stormy first years of the civil war, and we need no further evidence that these writings helped to strengthen public opinion and preserve the Union, than the fact that some of them were written in response to requests from the administration itself.

SOMETHING ABOUT SOCIETIES.

ARE literary societies demanded by the grade of scholarship in our institutions? We think not. That is, such societies as are generally designated by that name; but there is certainly something more demanded for the benefit of both teachers and pupils than the monotonous round of school-life. To touch upon a topic once before taken up by the writer, for the pupils, there might be societies formed, whose object should be to teach them how and what to read, something more especial than what falls in the regular line of the teacher's work. If enough enthusiasm and willingness to labor, existed among the teachers of our institutions, there might be successful societies in every one, whose aim should be to collect, from existing material, books, magazines, and papers adapted to the capacity of the pupils; to arouse the desire for reading, and to direct and encourage the efforts of the readers. Such a society could have regular meetings for the reading and criticism of selections; subjects could be assigned at discretion, and a judicious variety in the topics would render the exercises interesting. The privilege of enjoying social pleasures after the exercises, would, doubtless, incite to earnest effort in preparing for them, if the neces-

sary interest could be aroused and continued in no other way. Such gatherings would be, to the pupils at least, exciting breaks in the monotony of their lives, and would tend to bring into more intimate relations the thoughts, feelings, and sympathies of teacher and pupil.

Then in the absence of all normal school instruction and of teachers' institutes, now considered so necessary to the proper qualification of the teachers of public schools, there appears to be a demand for some society with a similar end in every institution for the benefit of the young and inexperienced teacher. The conventions and *The Annals* are very well in their way, but the scores of hard worked teachers, who do not appear on the programmes of the conventions or in the pages of *The Annals*, need something more on the plane of their own ideas and state of culture to waken them up by discussion of ways and means, comparison of views, and elimination of ideas. None discover how little they know and how poorly they know it until the attempt is made to tell or write it, and this humiliating process is the best means of effecting a cure. The best talent in the profession, may, through *The Annals*, be brought to bear upon the knotty questions in deaf-mute instruction, and not induce as much earnest thought and inquiry among those intended to be benefited, as the attempt to grapple and discuss the subjects among themselves. Let us have *The Annals* by all means, but also among the teachers, such a demand for it that it will always be looked for eagerly, as an aid in solving perplexed questions.

In every institution, there ought to be something similar to the monthly teacher's meetings of other schools, to sharpen the wits of the inferior grade teachers, and to secure to them the benefit of the wider culture and longer experience of the older and wiser instructors. Especially is this needed by the young deaf teacher, who can not bring with him the ideas of theory and practice in teaching possessed by the novice coming from hearing schools. At least, give the young instructor a chance to learn. It were better to take some pains to do this than run the risk of having classes spoiled by the experiments and blunders of raw teachers, seeking for the best methods, and in want of proper instruction.

LAURA.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

BENGAL is a presidency of British India, about five times as large as the State of New York. Its population numbers forty million, more or less. It is this part of India which will suffer most from the famine, now already begun. The surface of the country is generally level, but some parts are higher than others, and this gives rise to two different systems of agriculture; both being often carried on in the same neighborhood: one on the high and the other on the low ground. It does not rain all the year round in India as with us. There are two rainy seasons; and there is little or no rain, except during these seasons. The first is in May and June, the other in October. On the high grounds, there are two distinct crops every year. The first is sown in March and April, and in about three months, there is what is called a "little crop" of rice, pulse, and a variety of vegetables; after that is gathered, the "cold weather crop," consisting of wheat, rye, corn, potatoes, peas, &c., is sown on the same ground. The harvest from these two crops, does not yield enough for the support of the people, and hence, when the third or low land crop fails, or is deficient, there is a famine. The low lands are, of course, more moist than the high, and better suited to the culture of rice, which is more to the people of Asia than wheat is to us; for, if the wheat should fail us, we could manage to live on meat and vegetables. During May and June, there are heavy rains and freshets from the Himalaya mountains, so that the ground is thoroughly saturated with moisture and there are a great many shallow lakes all over the country. This is the

time when the rice is sown. Sometimes there are bad seasons when the heavy rains drown the rice-plant, after it is two or three inches above the soil. Generally, however, the plant gathers strength from the sunshine and moisture during the months of July, August, and September. In October, there must be another heavy rain fall, or the crop will be almost worthless. This is what has happened and caused the present famine. Last October, the rains failed to come in many parts of the presidency, and the rice crop which is harvested in February, and, upon which the people depend for sustenance the following year, has failed.

Lord Northbrook is the English viceroy, or governor, of India. He has been taking measures to avert the distress which it was foreseen, would result from the failure of the rice crop. The people are employed on the government works, and, in return, are fed by the government. Whether the government will be able to feed all the people, who require help, is a question which English papers have been discussing for some time past. The last famine in Bengal was in 1865-6. During its continuance, the government fed twenty-five million people. Vast as this number seems, it did not include all who needed assistance; for the famine caused the death of one million. The government procures its supply of food, by purchase, from Northern and Western India, Burmah, and other places. It is thought that it can do all that is called for from it, but even then, there will be great suffering; for there will be vast numbers of people whom it can not reach; just as when times are hard with us, there are many suffering people who do not, or will not receive charity. One great difficulty, which causes the most serious apprehension, is, that many of the districts, where the harvest is most scanty, are nearly inaccessible, on account of the absence of roads suitable for the conveyance of such large quantities of supplies as will be needed, in time to be of any service. Many of these roads are of such a nature that the only way of carrying help over them, is on the backs of men. It is well to look on the bright side of everything, but it must be owned that the bright side of the famine in India is dark enough. We can not be too thankful that we live in a country where such troubles are unknown.

BRAVE BESSIE.

DURING the administration of Oliver Cromwell, while the English Commonwealth was in its infancy, a romantic incident occurred; the thrilling plots pathetic love scenes, and sequels of which would furnish a charming subject to a modern novelist. Forsooth, had it been the nineteenth century, instead of the seventeenth, it would have been the theme of every journal in the land; a sensation to every enamored heart.

A youthful soldier, in the prime of manhood, was sentenced to die for some petty offence. The execution was to take place at the ringing of the curfew. To a youth full of glowing ambition, just ascending the steep of Fame, such a condemnation surely must be bitter anguish, but to this knight, thrice as terrible, since he was betrothed to a beautiful and virtuous maiden, and the day of their wedlock was not far distant.

But caitiff Fate destined that the chime which ought to have heralded the blithesome union, should be the knell of the bridegroom's doom.

The young heroine loved her knight as ardently in return as he loved her, and endeavored in every possible manner to avert the impending fate of her lover, but in vain; even pleading with the judges availed nothing; and at last appalled, she listened unmoved while the verdict was pronounced: "At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."

In our darkest moment of despair, there is one true friend. Hope will obstinately struggle with Fate to the last. Flushed with excitement, and buoyed with this last gleam of success, Bessie undertook to bribe the old sexton not to ring the bell, and thus delay the proceedings, till Cromwell, who was absent, should arrive. The importune, truly, was eloquent; the scene full of pathos; and that young tear-stained face imploring with all the fervor of a bleeding heart pierced by its first throe, would have affected the most inhuman feelings. But the sexton was immovable, for years he had regularly rung the vesper hour, and now he was old, he could not miss it.

The preparations for the execution were all completed; the guards stood ready with the prisoner bound, waiting for the peal from the distant belfry tower. Their shadows lengthened across the heath, the hour slowly passed, but to the amazement of everybody, the curfew did not ring. Only one human soul, at the moment, knew the reason.

The maiden, almost wild with the impending peril of her lover, being frustrated in all her efforts to save him, mechanically, as in a state of bewilderment, had rushed unseen up the tower, ascending slender ladders, that for more than a century had not felt the pressure of a human foot, up through ebony darkness, startling hosts of bats, and frightening an old owl into a lusty hooting, ascending from ladder to ladder that groaned and rattled like so many departed spirits and skeletons. At last the topmost foothold is reached; over her head hangs the ponderous bell, while beneath yawns the gloomy abyss, seemingly a pathway to Pluto's regions; simultaneously the big tongue sways, for the old sexton is punctual to a moment. A chill creeps through her bosom and her cheeks become blanched. Shall it ring? *Never!* Springing forward, she firmly clasps the huge tongue. Holding on desperately, she is swung far out, the city appears a mere speck below. Though that brow is pallid, that heart is brave. Swinging thus, between heaven and earth, she is fully conscious of her deadly peril, but not a sound issues from the bell's metallic lips.

Lady!—You who so loudly profess to adore the chosen one of your affection, to declare your life void without him, Lady! would you brave like dangers for his sake? Methinks I can hear your hearty protestation, but forgive me, if I do thee wrong, yet I doubt thy sincerity.

Age had rendered the sexton deaf, and he did not notice any thing wrong, except that the bell required all his feeble strength to move it. Satisfied he had done his duty, he departed. Then brave Bessie, nearly fainting from pain and exhaustion, descended, and hastened to where the impatient group stood waiting for the fatal signal. The Puritan General was just coming, and Bessie's face, lately so pale with sickening horror, suddenly becomes radiant, and using the poet's language:

"At his feet, she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,
And her sweet, young face, so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity;—lit his eyes with misty light,
'Go, your lover lives,' cried Cromwell, 'Curfew shall not ring to-night.'"

The rest is easily imagined, and unto this day, at the twilight hour, grandsires tell their children why the curfew did not ring on that one sad night.

WILFRED WILBURNE.

A PUPIL in the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in this city, went to the depot when the train bearing the remains of Mr. Sumner, passed through this place. He caught a glimpse of the Essex Statesman, and wrote out this description of him: "I saw Ben. Butler in the drawing car—and his eye opens nice, but other his eye somewhat cross-shuts."—*Hartford paper.*

THE SILENT WORLD.

Published Semi-Monthly by
J. B. HOTCHKISS AND J. E. ELLEGOOD.

Terms: Single subscriptions, \$1.50 per year, in advance (with chromo; see advertising pages.) Single Copies, 8 c.

Subscribers who live in Washington and in Canada must send 24 cts. additional (\$1.74 in all) to pay postage.

All money should be sent by P. O. money-order, draft, or registered letter. If it is forwarded, otherwise it will be at the risk of the sender.

Address all letters to THE SILENT WORLD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 15, 1874.

WHEN one is consistently striving to do good in the world, or when one, in what he esteems the clear path of duty, is trying to reform an evil, and is working with the best intentions, it often happens that there are persons, who either do not appreciate his motives, or wilfully attribute them to evil sources. A person so beset, can, at least, rest content with a conscience void of offence, and trust to the future for that reward of public respect and appreciation which is denied him now. These reflections we offer as a balm for the wounded spirit of *The Deaf-mutes' Journal*, which is now smarting under an imputation from Mr. C. Aug. Brown that its course, in receiving a subsidy from the State of New York for its support, has a degrading effect upon deaf-mutes, and encourages beggary among them.

WHEN the organization of an Association for the erection of a memorial to Laurent Clerc, was completed in the District of Columbia, subscriptions to the amount of \$127.81 were obtained, and \$87.06 were paid in. A much larger sum would, in all probability, have been obtained, but the attitude of self-interest and hostility in which the action of the New York Associations placed the District Association, was so antagonistic to the real intentions of its members, and so repulsive to their sense of propriety that some of the officers resigned; their places were never filled; the collection of subscriptions was stopped; and the matter rested. If the Association does not now feel inclined to reorganize and get new subscriptions, justice to those who have already paid in, would seem to demand that the sums which have been promised and not yet paid, should be collected. These amount to \$40.25, and this would materially aid in making up the \$3,000 required for the monument now being built.

ARE DEAF-MUTES OBJECTS OF PITY?

WE are very sorry to learn that the little book, the "Offering of the Mutes," noticed in our last number by our correspondent at the Indiana Institution, is to be used as a means of gaining a livelihood. Sorry, because it seems to us only a new feature in the "trade in misfortune." It seeks to make money through the pity people feel for the loss of hearing. It may be a very good or a very poor book, it does not matter which; people are not asked to give money for it, because of its merits, but because it is the "offering of the mutes." It may even be worth the price that is asked for it; the fact still remains that people are to be moved by their pity for the loss of hearing to buy it.

Are we so different from other people, and so much objects of wonder and curiosity, that what we do is to be regarded with the same feelings that are experienced at the performances of the learned pig? Surely, no deaf person, who has arrived at the ability to write, would write, if that was the consequence of his writing.

It is a misfortune to be deaf; but it is a greater misfortune to be pitied for it. What shall we say then to the man who endeavors to

gain money by his double misfortune; who not only takes advantage of the pity felt for his loss of hearing, but endeavors to stimulate and increase it? What does the common beggar more than that? His poverty is a misfortune, and he takes advantage of the pity people feel for it to gain money. He often has the excuse that he is driven to beg by his poverty; he has to choose between begging and starving. Yet we esteem begging so disgraceful that most of us would "sooner starve than beg." The "trader in misfortune" seldom has even the beggar's excuse.

People do pity us, and regard us as unfortunate. We are different and removed from them by the loss of hearing. Do and say what we will, we cannot prevent their pitying us. No amount of education or assertion that we are the equals of hearing people, will make us hear. But, thank God, in all other respects, we are their equals. Except in a few trades and professions, in which the sense of hearing is absolutely necessary, we stand as fair a chance of making our mark in the world as any one. And even in those trades and professions, hitherto considered closed to deaf-mutes, it yet remains to be seen what we can not do.

It is bad enough to be pitied because we are deaf; instead of asking people to pity us because we can't write English, and to marvel when we are able to write at all, let us show them that we feel ourselves so much their equals that we can feel satisfied only when what we do, is regarded with no more curiosity and wonder than is felt at the doings of the rest of the world.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM NEW YORK.

ON Tuesday, March 24th, Miss S. C. Howard was made to understand that, though she might forget her natal day, her friends do not. About seven in the evening, one after another called on her till quite a number had assembled. Miss Howard thought nothing of it at first, supposing it a freak of circumstance that all should drop in at the same time. After a while, however, she was made aware of the reason for the unusual number of visitors at one time, by congratulations being poured on her in a body. It was a complete surprise to her, as she acknowledged herself. The evening was passed very pleasantly by all playing various games; the last of which was the game of fortune-telling. Refreshments were served during the evening, and the surprisers dispersed at a late hour; every one declaring that he or she had had a pleasant time. The whole affair was managed by Miss E. D. Clapp, who was home on a three weeks' vacation. She had only a day in which to send out her invitations and make other preparations, yet she managed the affair with so much energy and tact, that she succeeded in completely hoodwinking Miss Howard till the final denouement. Miss Clapp believes in the old saying that "One good turn deserves another." It will be remembered that Miss Howard was the prime mover in the surprise to Miss Clapp last winter.

On Thursday, April 2d, there was a debate before the Manhattan Literary Association, on the question "Which is the most useful, the fireman or soldier?" The debaters were picked out from those present, and, as a consequence, the arguments were extemporaneous. Nevertheless both sides did well. The heroism of the fireman in risking his life to save others from burning buildings, his constant vigilance and prompt action, were all clearly shown by one side; while the service the soldier does in defending his country and facing death without flinching, were clearly depicted by the other. The debate was spirited, the debaters animated, and to a casual observer, it was difficult to say which side would win. The vote was taken, when 101 fifteen maintained that the soldier was most useful; while only five supported the fireman.

EUREKA.

FROM MAINE.

BIDDEFORD, March 28, 1874.

To the Editors of The Silent World:

It may be interesting to your readers to know that in Saco, directly opposite this city, there are ten deaf-mutes; and in this city, there are seven. It is quite remarkable that there is so large a number of deaf-mutes in a community no larger than this.

Mr. W. B. Swett came here last Saturday evening, and is staying at Mr. and Mrs. Page's. Mr. and Mrs. Page are both deaf-mutes: the former having been educated at Hartford, and the latter born somewhere in the Old World. Mr. Swett preached two excellent sermons in the vestry of the Baptist Church, which were very interesting. Almost all of the deaf-mutes were present. Mr. Swett thinks our community is highly respectable, and a model for others; and he says he is greatly pleased with the attention of the meeting. He will make arrangements for religious services to-morrow evening. Mr. Bailey, a resident of Boston, will be our lecturer next Sunday, and we hope he will lecture every Sunday.

The population of the two places is about 20,000; the business, mainly cotton manufacturing. The York Manufacturing Co., in Saco, give employment to about 1,200 persons. In Biddeford, the Pepperell Manufacturing Co., having about 85,000 spindles, employ about 1,500 people in the production of cotton sheetings, drillings, and jeans; and they will probably increase their productive power to 95,000 spindles within two years. The Laconia Co. employ about 1,200 people, are making extensive improvements, and, when these are completed, will have about 90,000 spindles.

The Saco water-power machine shops employ about 500 men in the manufacture of cotton machinery.

ROSCOE.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

ROME, ITALY, January, 1874.

It is difficult to imagine how disagreeable it is, on reaching Liverpool, to be thrust off the steamer at midnight, into a damp, little tug-boat; hustled about by the excise officers; rattled over the cold stones of a dark city and whirled into the yawning embrace of a sleepy porter; and then bundled into a cold room at a railway hotel, with trains running and engines whistling the livelong night. All was in great contrast to the quiet and order of ship-board. The only thing at all natural, was the gentle pitching and swaying of the bed. By that I was gradually lulled to sleep:—the sleep of the just—landed.

At noon, the day after my arrival in Liverpool, I entered Chester by railway. "Rare old Chester!" there is not a street in it, scarce a house, but seems a vision of the past. It seems as if some influence pervaded the place to repel all spirit of innovation. And yet it has seen stirring times, this same old Chester. Founded, originally (so far as is known), as a Roman camp, it became a Saxon fortress; was occupied a short time by the Danes; was recaptured; and, at last, fell into the hands of the Norman invaders of England. Soldiers from Italy; from North Europe; from France have, by turns, paced its walls alternately with the Saxons and, perhaps, the Bretons; and yet the old city lives on in its quaint old way. It is a walled town, and the walls rest on the old Roman foundation, still visible in some places, though most of the work is from the middle ages. There may be a stone or two of the present century; but that does not count. The wall being several feet wide at the top, they have made it into a fine promenade around the city. You meet five or six towers during the walk, which form part of the wall and are intended for its defense. Some of them, at least, date back eight-hundred years. I went up on top of one of these and stood

on the spot where a tablet says, King Charles stood, in 1625, and saw his army defeated on the plain below. But I also went to the foot of another tower, only a few rods off, and saw the broken swords, helmets, and shields of the Roman soldiers, and also the marble sepulchral slabs, urns, and columns which told of the peaceful Roman habitation of the city; and King Charles and his army seemed things of yesterday. Then I went to see a Roman bath which has been found while digging for a cellar:—a sort of furnace below, with square columns and a brick ceiling, pierced with small round holes to allow the heat to warm a layer of plaster above. In the plaster, was laid the tiled floor of the hot air bath above. Then I bathed my hands in the deep, cold plunge-bath, fed by a spring as pure as crystal. The mystery to me was, how all these things came to be buried beneath several feet of earth. But I have found that others are equally mystified; and so, having found company, I am happy on that score.

The unique feature of Chester is its "rows." If you will imagine about eight feet of the front part of the partition wall, between the second story of the adjacent houses, to be removed, quite around the square, and the front wall of this second story, moved back this same eight feet, you will then see a gallery formed around the block in the second story, leaving the first and third stories projecting. This is done in Chester, and what is left of the second story, is converted into shops. There are shops also in the first story (ground floor) below. The galleries are called "rows," and being protected from rain, are, of course, eminently adapted to the climate. Frequent flights of steps lead to the street below. It certainly produces a very quaint effect, this two storied street; all ablaze, too, in the evenings with showy shop fronts, and alive with moving humanity. Apart from its ruins, however, and its venerable churches, walls, and rows, still the very dwelling-houses are eloquent of days long gone. Quaint gable ends project in a most charming manner. Frame houses, filled in with plaster, but leaving the frame (which is often curiously curved) exposed to view, or the beams themselves, perhaps oddly curved or framed to form various patterns; hard burnt bricks mixed with black ones,—all these are but a few of the features which Chester still preserves and cherishes. A rare, quaint, old place, indeed, is Chester.

From Chester, I went direct to London, and thence to Paris. There, I did not attempt to see much that was new to me, but to enjoy the old more at my leisure than I was able to do on my former visit. I was surprised to see so few traces of the terrible scenes which followed the "Commune." The city hall and palace of the Tuilleries are in ruins, and nearly the only vestiges now left of the reign of terror.

In a few days, I received a telegram from Rome, from my sister; so I took the next train, stopping one night for rest at Turin, and then going direct to the Eternal City. If Hannibal had found a Mont Cenis tunnel, I wonder if I could have come to Rome!

JAMES M. SPENCER.

PERSONAL.

J. H. LINTON, formerly master of the cabinet shop at the Columbia Institution, was in town a few weeks ago, and remained over Sunday. He is getting along very well in Baltimore, and looks as "if life ran as smoothly with him now as it did when we knew him at the Institution.

W. M. FRENCH, formerly editor of *The Home Circle*, thinks it would be an exceedingly good plan to have the manual alphabet taught in the public schools. He is very much in earnest about it, and says the advantages are so obvious that it is needless to speak of them.

R. G. PAGE, lately connected with the Deaf-mute College, is working in the Pepperell Cotton Mills, at Biddeford, Maine.

F. A. P. BARNARD, LL. D., President of Columbia College, New York City, and at one time a teacher in the New York Institution, is quite deaf.

JAMES S. MEACHAM, of Guildhall, Vermont, a former pupil of the American Asylum, hopes to get seven hundred pounds of maple sugar this Spring, from 225 maple trees.

JUDGE DAVIES, a director of the New York Institution, has been visiting Washington for some time recently. He came to argue in an insurance case before a District court.

ROBERT D. LIVINGSTON, the well-known and popular clerk of the Boston and Albany railroad, was some time ago presented with an elegant wallet, valued at \$50, by his fellow clerks.

S. S. CROSS, of Beverly, Mass., and last year at the American Asylum, is learning to cut shoes at Lynn. He began work in July, and in December, his wages were raised to seven dollars per week.

W. E. NORTHRUP is getting good wages as a printer at Monroe, Michigan. He writes us that he spends one hour each evening in teaching a deaf-mute little girl, who is too young to go to an institution.

C. S. STEPHENS, of Washington, and educated at the Glasgow (Scotland) Institution, met with a sad accident on the evening of the 8th inst. He was run over by a carriage, while attempting to leave a horse-car, and his leg broken.

In Staunton, Va., Miss Eliza J. Whitehead departed this life on the 20th ultimo, at the age of seventy-eight. She was a sister of the widow of the late Commodore Charles W. Skinner, of the United States Navy. Also she was aunt of Miss Fanny H. Skinner, graduate of the Virginia and New York Institutions. She was a remarkably intelligent and well informed deaf-mute, and her loss is deeply felt by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

MR. A. W. MANN, of the Michigan Institution, held a service for the deaf and dumb, at St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church, in Jackson, Michigan, the last Sunday in March. The attendance was good, and it is hoped to make arrangements whereby the services can be occasionally repeated. Several deaf and dumb persons went from a considerable distance to Jackson, for the purpose of being present at the services. Mr. Mann also held a short service Sunday evening at the house of Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, the deaf-mute artist.

COLLEGE RECORD.

EDWARD STRETCH.

THE following is the tribute which *The Annals* pays to our young friend and fellow-student. His loss is now the more deeply felt that Presentation Day is so near at hand, for to him we looked for the reflection of no small credit upon the College and its training:

"The college met with a loss more deeply felt than any other in its history, in the death, Feb. 14, of Edward Stretch, a member of the senior class. Upon completing his college course this year, he was expecting to teach in the Indiana Institution, of which he was a graduate, and there, as here, he is sadly mourned. His high intellectual endowments, combined with a rare gentleness and loveliness of disposition, made up a character which will always stand in our minds as the ideal of manhood."

"The scope of *The Annals* does not permit us to speak at length, as we should wish, of our beloved student and friend, but no one who knew anything of him, will blame us for devoting so much

space as this to his dear memory. We desire also to quote a few words from a letter which he wrote to his sister a short time before his death:"

"It will take away half the bitterness of death to have been allowed to learn something; to have obtained one glimpse across the hills and valleys away off into that promised land of perfect knowledge, perfect love, perfect purity, where men no longer 'see through a glass darkly.' For such I take to be the true result of study: the more one learns, the clearer does he see God's wondrous goodness, the closer is he drawn to all things holy."

THE OBJECT OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

WHEN we were in college, we had an idea that our college education was to help us, pecuniarily, in after life. Somehow, through it, we were to start in life with greater facility, and to get a bigger salary. It was a sort of investment that was to yield large dividends. The idea was very vague, and we now find considerable difficulty in putting it into words. But we certainly had it, and, what is more, others have it: for we have seen it advanced as an argument in support of the utility of a college training.

It did not take very long, after we had actual experience, to knock the idea completely out of our head. People expect more from us, and are more ready to sneer at us if we fail, because of our college training. But, generally, it does not make them more willing to employ us. Our work once found, we are able to do it better, but our college education alone, is at present, little recommendation.

A man who devotes much time to physical culture, does not expect to profit directly by it, unless he is a prize-fighter or some similar "professional." He would find it hard to explain in what way it profited him. It gives him strength and makes him healthier. But so does a college education give a man strength and make him healthier mentally, yet other and more direct advantages are expected from it. If it is true that the object of a college training is to do for the mind what a course of physical training does for the body, the cobbler needs it as much as the professor, and more: for the cobbler has more need to concentrate in himself the ability for self-culture; he is not likely to have the stimulus to exertion which the professor has in from the higher and more cultivated society in which he moves.

In teaching French or German, all that the teacher usually attempts, is to carry the pupil so far over the rudiments that he may be able to go on alone. This is all that the college training ever does for a man. It is his course, after leaving college, that shows whether it has been worth his while to go through college at all. The college lifts him to his feet, but it can not help him walk; he must do that alone; if he does not or will not, he will soon lose the ability to walk at all, and his college education will be worse than thrown away; for he may have stood in the way of some more worthy man, while wasting his time in college.

THAT comic Soph. is, in faith, the College jester!

EXCHANGING *fac-similes* has caused quite a photo-traffic. The College *obscura* is busy!

LESSONS in penmanship book-keeping commenced on the 11th inst. under Mr. E. B. Hay, the teacher of last year.

THE Reading Club has an exceedingly modest President. At a recent meeting, rising, he said, without the least egotism, "Mr. President," etc.

A STRIKING precaution of students entering the Reading Room, is to thrust both hands into their breeches pockets. The omission might cost five cents.

THE students spent the holidays in various ways. Some went to Baltimore and Alexandria; some went fishing; some went botanizing; and most staid at home.

It seems our Seventh Street is to be made passable at last. The pavement has been moved out from the bank several feet and, in the future, mud will not be so deep. The road-way has also been gravelled and rolled; but alas! the shade trees have disappeared, to come again, perhaps, another day.

EXAMINATIONS took place on the 30th, 31st of March and the 1st of April. The President in announcing the results, congratulated the students on the creditable papers they had presented. But few were conditioned, and in some particulars, the examinations are the most satisfactory of any that have yet taken place.

A SQUIRREL has, for some time past, occupied the corridors under Chapel Hall, and frightened the servant girls immoderately at times. The Professor of Dust and Ashes, thus describes a scene of which he was a witness: "While carrying the examination tables out of the Chapel, I heard such a screaming and hollering that I went down in the basement, and lo! and behold! there was the whole crowd of girls, —wash-house girls, cooks, nurses, dining-room girls, Henry Erskine, and two of the deaf and dumb girls, chasing and screaming after the poor squirrel. After a while, the squirrel ran up one of the girls' clothes, and she and all of the girls ran pell mell into the laundry screaming and trying to shake it off; but I don't know how she made out."

INSTITUTION NEWS.

GEORGIA.

FROM the Report of the Georgia Institution for the year ending, July 1, 1873, we learn that this Institution is in a highly prosperous condition.

A system of water-works has been erected, whereby water is carried to every room in the building, and a supply, sufficient to extinguish, in a few minutes, any fire that might occur, is kept on hand in a tank on a neighboring hill.

The shoe-shop department, the only mechanical branch taught in the Institution, is under the charge of Mr. Henry J. Morris, a deaf-mute, educated at the Institution. The pupils have made very satisfactory progress in acquiring the trade. It is proposed to establish a printing-office, and the Legislature has appropriated money for the purpose.

The number of pupils under instruction during the year, has been sixty-three—twenty-nine males and thirty-four females. There has been little sickness, but two deaths,—one, that of a little whose clothes caught fire from a grate before which she was standing, and the other, a little girl who died of pneumonia.

In the report of the Board of Trustees, it is stated that the question is asked of the Board, "Why don't you take into the Institution and educate negroes?" These applications are waived by saying there is no appropriation made for them, and that it is incompatible with the general school law that whites and blacks should be educated in the same house together. The trustees, therefore, recommend that proper provision should be made for the negro deaf-mutes by the Legislature, and state that an appropriation of \$4,000 for a building, and \$2,000 for a support-fund to begin with, if such provision should be determined on, and it is located in connection with the Institution at Cave Spring, will be sufficient.

OHIO.

THE temperance crusade, which has swept over the country, has affected the Institution, and, for some time, has been the subject of very lively discussions among the pupils. A total abstinence society has been started, and quite a large number of signatures to the pledge, obtained. Matters, having been arranged, Saturday last, a meeting was held in the chapel for the purpose of electing officers. It has been decided to hold monthly meetings till the close of school, when, of course, each member must be left to take care of himself. The mute population of the State is comparatively small, when compared with the hearing populace, and every one ought to consider it a point of honor not to indulge in strong drink.

There are now three societies at the Institution. A debating society, started in 1869, which meets every Saturday evening, and is known as the "Clonian Society"; a total abstinence society; and a Bible Class. The last mentioned meets every Sunday evening in the chapel, and was started last January.

Work has been resumed on the gas works, and the connection with the Institution is complete. Now all the gas used, is of State manufacture; and the works are making rapid headway towards the blind asylum.

Captain Samuel Whiting, of Cleveland, Ohio, of traveling fame,

recently gave two very interesting lectures in the chapel, to the pupils. His subjects were, explorations around the North pole, habits and manners of the Esquimaux, a voyage through the straits of Magallen, early gold mining in California, &c. The lectures were quite a treat to the pupils, who are very grateful to the captain for the kind interest he takes in the mute household. He has promised us another lecture at some future day.

The warm Spring days of March have again brought out the usual out-door games, such as foot-ball, base ball, and marbles. At present, foot-ball takes the lead, to judge from the number of blackened and shattered shins.

Our new democratic government has, thus far, been very liberal with the officers of the State institutions, and but few changes have been made, at least as far as the Institution for Deaf and Dumb is concerned.

The male members of the Clonian Society, gave a dramatic entertainment Saturday evening, March 7th. The programme selected for the occasion, was a fine one, and was well played. The female members of the society, will give a similar entertainment sometime in April.

Columbus, March 31.

F. Z.

NEW YORK.

THE "rumors" mentioned in your number of March 15, concerning changes in the hours of school in this Institution and the retirement of half the teachers, were more correct than rumors sometimes are. This Institution, still the largest in the world, is about to be subjected to a series of heroic experiments. The friends of the deaf and dumb might wish that experiments of a doubtful nature, should be first tried on a smaller scale. We can only wait and see the result. An "experimentum in corpore pretioso," can only be justified by necessity.

There have been five deaths among our pupils in five months, the latest being a lad named Oscar N. Hotchkiss, aged eleven, who died of croup. One or two others are dangerously ill. With five exceptions, however, our five hundred pupils are well, merry, and studying quite diligently.

Forty or fifty of our boys have formed a foot-ball club, and have begun practice in that exhilarating and leg-stretching game with much enthusiasm.

Our base ball clubs have also organized for the season, and may be seen zealously practicing for an hour every fair afternoon. The Hudson Club, of which W. H. Scott is Captain; E. C. Ketcham, Treasurer; J. C. Colman, Secretary; C. Burns, Captain of the Second Nine; and J. F. Malteson and two others, Executive Committee, is conceded to be the champion club of this Institution. A majority of its members, belong to my class. Last Saturday, those of them belonging to the First Class, played a friendly game with those belonging to the High Class, and won an easy victory; the score standing 41 runs to 22. The first nine of this club, hope, after a few weeks of practice, to be able to meet their formidable antagonists of last year, the Jaspers, of Manhattan College, or any other club that may choose to try their mettle.

It is to be hoped that with foot-ball, base ball, and boating, now all in full swing, the craving of the boys for excitement will be satisfied, and that we shall have no more of the mischief perpetrated during the late miserable weather, resulting in sending some boys to the lock-up for a few days, and the final dismissal of two or three.

A few days since, warm congratulations were tendered to our worthy Principal, on the advent of a new pupil, whom he will probably be able to teach to speak. It is reported that Ida will be part of the baptismal appellation of this little stranger.

There seems a good prospect that New Jersey will somewhat relieve this Institution of its crowded condition by building one for her own deaf-mutes, estimated to number four or five hundred. The population of that State is now nearly or quite a million, and, I believe, there is no other state of near that population, which has not established an institution of its own for its deaf-mute children.

A few weeks ago, the young ladies of the First Class got up a surprise party, which proved a genuine and very pleasant surprise (as such parties not always are) for their teacher's wife. Nearly forty were present, including several friends from Harlem and New York City. All declared that they had spent a delightful evening.

The somewhat famous deaf-mute traveller, calling himself, Samuel Weller, from London, has been paying us another visit. He has been to Australia, and has stared at the black natives and the far-leaping kangaroos, and, I suppose, has seen roses and strawberries at Christmas and apple-trees blossoming in November and loaded with ripe fruit in March. One of my boys asked if he was a bachelor; he enquired what the word meant, and being told, confessed his lonely condition. Having no ties of home, he is going back to Australia by way of England. To judge from his appearance and expression, wandering round the world, is not the best way to promote comfort. J. R. B.

THE FORTNIGHT.

Every week, on an average, 450 misdirected letters are sent to the New York Post-office.

Marshal Serrano, President of the Spanish Republic, is to receive a salary of \$100,000 per annum.

The new city directory of St. Louis, just published, puts the present population of that town at 473,560 souls.

One hundred and twenty newspapers and periodicals have been suppressed in France since MacMahon became President.

The actual expense of cremation is about \$2. This would be a great saving on the present cost of funerals, and what economy there would be in carriage hire.

In a recent trial in Baltimore, it was shown that patent medicine men can get almanac certificates of the wonderful virtues of their medicines for fifty cents per head.

Turkey and Russia are said to be quietly preparing for war against each other. Turkey is purchasing cannon and pushing the construction of railways, and Russia is rebuilding Sebastopol, making all the men of the empire liable to military duty, and adding iron monsters to her Black Sea fleet.

It is said that foxes are tormented by fleas, and when the infiction becomes unbearable, they gather a mouthful of moss, and slowly walk backward into the nearest stream, until only the mouth is left above the surface of the water. The fleas meanwhile take refuge on the little island of moss, and when the fox is satisfied that they have all embarked, he opens his mouth, and the moss drifting away with its freight, the wily animal regains the bank, evidently satisfied at his freedom from his tormentors.

The distant war in Sumatra between the Dutch and the Sultan of Acheen, is of grave importance to the future of Polynesia. It is, in fact, the last struggle between the European and the Mahometan for the possession of those rich islands which furnish spices to the world. It is so regarded throughout the East Indian Archipelago. The Dutch have fought with stolid obstinacy, and the Achinese with desperation. The resistance of the latter reminds one of the Moors in Granada. Acheen may be considered the Granada of Sumatra, and the Kraton is the Alhambra. The latest advices from the seat of war, indicated that the Dutch were making sure progress toward the subjugation of the country.—*New York Sun*.

In Charleston recently, a large dog gave chase to a poor little "black and tan" whose hind leg had been injured, but, failing to overtake him, turned about and trotted slowly back. In a short time, the small dog returned, followed by a large Newfoundland, who, upon reaching the corner, "seemed to be looking for something," when the little dog gave two or three sharp barks, as much as to say, "That's the big dog which chased me," at the same time indicating by his actions the large black dog, who was then at some distance. Whereupon the little dog's ally immediately attacked and severely punished the aggressor, who was glad enough to try the swiftness of his feet for safety. After this little affair, the small dog and his friend returned down the street, apparently much pleased with their part of the late transaction. How did the small dog impart the idea to the large one?

Sir Garnet Wolseley was all but outwitted by Koffee, the Ashantee King. He sent a letter to the British camp, offering to make an unconditional surrender; but all the while, he was preparing an army to fall upon the rear of the invaders and cut them to pieces. Mr. Dawson, an English prisoner of King Koffee, contrived to give General Wolseley timely warning of the treacherous intention of the King. He had permission to send a receipt for some money, which he had received, to the British camp, and added: "The King's letter accompanies this by the same messenger; please see II Cor. ii, 11." This text is as follows: "Lest Satan get an advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his devices." The Ashantees fought with desperate courage. Some of the British officers who had seen service in the Crimea and India, say the Ashantees are by no means contemptible enemies. To the last, King Koffee refused to come in and see the English general, and it is supposed, he must have witnessed the destruction of his capital from the bush near by. His palace was destroyed and its contents carried off by the invaders. The only result of the war is that the Ashantees have received a severe lesson, for it is very improbable they will keep their promise of abandoning their savage customs.

Jack Prendergast was fined \$10 by a Chicago Justice for an assault, the alternative being ten days in jail. To get money to pay the fine, he picked the pocket of a lawyer in court; but when he fumbled in the pocket-book for the right-sized bill, the lawyer recognized his own, and Jack will go to the State prison for many years.

The first line of stages in the United States, was established soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, and extended from Boston to Savannah. They were long-bodied carriages, on very low springs, having five seats and no doors, and were entered by crawling in at the front, upon your hands and knees, and proceeding in that way until you reached the seat you were expected to occupy.

Some of the Alabama negroes are not unmindful of their equality before the law. It was only the other day that a lady met an old colored woman in Montgomery, whom she knew. She met her with "Howdy do, Aunt Marie?" The aged negress raised herself erect, placed her arms akimbo, and remarked loftily, looking sidewise: "I ain't yer ant, and I ain't yer uncle; I'se yer ekal!" and indignantly passed on.

Austria is the first country to adopt measures for the introduction of cremation as a mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead. Sir Henry Thompson's paper on cremation, has been translated twice into German, once at Cologne, and once in Gratz, a city in Austria containing a population of 100,000. The Austrian publication was prefixed by an introduction written by Dr. Koppl, formerly physician to the King of Belgium. Influenced, it is said, by this paper, the Communal Council of Vienna has adopted, by a large majority, a proposal to establish in the cemetery the necessary apparatus for burning the bodies, the use of which will be optional and open to all. The Council of Gratz has passed a similar resolution.

After the adjournment of the Senate on the 22d of May, 1856, Mr. Sumner remained at his desk engaged in writing. While so engaged, Brooks, whom he did not know, approached him and said: "I have read your speech twice over, carefully. It is a libel on South Carolina and Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine." While these words were passing from his lips, he commenced a series of blows with a bludgeon upon the Senator's head, by which the latter was stunned, disabled and smitten down, bleeding and insensible, on the floor of the chamber. From that floor he was taken by friends, and borne to the ante-room, where his wounds were dressed. His injuries were serious, and became the occasion of constant anxiety to his friends. It was four years before he was pronounced convalescent, during the most of which time his vacant chair in the Senate Chamber, proclaimed, with a more pregnant eloquence than that of his own well-chosen words, the "barbarism of slavery." But after a long and weary struggle, his sturdy constitution seemed to have thrown off all serious effects of it, and after resuming his seat in the Senate with a speech that showed all the old vigor, he bore his part in the great and final conflict. But although he lived eighteen years after Brooks' assault, it was clear to him toward the end, and to his friends, that he had never wholly rallied from the blow.

That stern refusal to wince or bend, which opposed itself to the slave power as a cliff of granite fronts the wildest sea and dashes it into futile froth, was the great and memorable service of Charles Sumner to his country. When slavery in Congress encountered him, it met for the first time that North, that American conscience, that American will, which was, at last to overthrow it utterly, and redeem and regenerate the country. For the first time in the national arena, slavery found itself opposed by a spirit as resolute and haughty as its own. It tried every means to subdue it, and tried in vain. He stood for years in the capital of the country—to our bitter shame, a slave city—and he thundered against slavery words which were blows. His speeches were not bursts of rhetoric; they were, like those of Demosthenes, orations. The trained advocates of slavery and its mere attorneys were amazed at the comprehensiveness of discourses that left them no escape, left them, indeed, only rage and denunciation. Often for months it was known, and Mr. Sumner knew, that his life was in constant danger; and during the heat of the Kansas debate, a few friends from Kansas then in Washington, who were aware of his personal peril, unknown to him, daily followed him when he left his house, armed—as he never was or would be—for his protection. At last slavery, by the hand of Preston Brooks, struck him the blow that it hoped would be fatal.—*G. W. Curtis in Harper's Weekly*.